

SUBTERRANEANS

3/5

Three Poets

Finland

Anselm Hollo

00	006	035	522	545	049
03	009	038	518	542	046
05	010	039	517	540	044
07	013	042	515	538	042
09	015	043	511	536	040
11	017	046	509	534	038
13	019	048	507	532	036
15	021	050	507	530	034
17	023	052	505	528	032
19	025	053	503	526	030
20	026	055	502	524	028
22	028	057	500	522	026
24	030		521		024
26	033		518		022
28	035		515		020
30	037		513		018
32	040		507		016
34	042		505		014
36	043		503		012
38	045		501		010
40	046		500		008
42	048		500		006
44	051		500		004
46			500		002
48			500		000



15	001	040	512	537	022
18	004	043	511	536	021
21	007	045	509	534	019
24	010	048	507	532	017
27	013	050	505	531	015
30	016		504	529	014
33	019		503	528	013
36	022		501	526	011
39	025		500	525	010
42			500	524	008
45			500	523	006
48			500	522	004
51			500	521	002
54			500	520	000

15	000	035	512	537	022
18	003	038	511	536	021
21	006	039	509	534	019
24	009	041	507	532	017
27	012	043	505	531	015
30	015	045	504	529	014
33	018	047	503	528	013
36	021	049	501	526	011
39	024	051	500	525	010
42	027		500	524	008
45	030		500	523	006
48	033		500	522	004
51	036		500	521	002
54	039		500	520	000

00	2241	017	606	029	048
01	2242	018	607	028	047
02	2244	019	606	027	045
04	2245	021	604	025	044
05	2246	022	603	024	043
06	2248	024	601	022	041
08	2249	025	600	021	040
10	2251	027	598	019	038
11	2252	028	597	018	036
13	2254	030	595	016	034
14	2256	032	593	014	032
16	2258	034	591	012	030
17	2259	035	590	011	029
19	2260	036	589	010	028
21	2262	038	587	008	026
22	2264	040	585	007	025
24	2266	042	583	005	023
25	2268	043	581	004	022
27	2270	045	579	002	020
28	2272	046	577	001	019
30	2274	048	575	000	018
32	2276	050	573		017
34	2278	052	571		016
36	2280	054	569		015
38	2282	056	567		014
40	2284	058	565		013
42	2286	060	563		012
44	2288	062	561		011
46	2290	064	559		010
48	2292	066	557		009



00	1815	030	694	1835	018
01	1816	031	693	1836	017
02	1817	032	692	1837	016
03	1818	033	691	1838	015
04	1819	034	690	1839	014
05	1820	035	689	1840	013
06	1821	036	688	1841	012
07	1822	037	687	1842	011
08	1823	038	686	1843	010
09	1824	039	685	1844	009
10	1825	040	684	1845	008
11	1826	041	683	1846	007
12	1827	042	682	1847	006
13	1828	043	681	1848	005
14	1829	044	680	1849	004
15	1830	045	679	1850	003
16	1831	046	678	1851	002
17	1832	047	677	1852	001
18	1833	048	676	1853	000

00	2150	030	615	2170	018
01	2151	031	614	2171	017
02	2152	032	613	2172	016
03	2153	033	612	2173	015
04	2154	034	611	2174	014
05	2155	035	610	2175	013
06	2156	036	609	2176	012
07	2157	037	608	2177	011
08	2158	038	607	2178	010
09	2159	039	606	2179	009
10	2160	040	605	2180	008
11	2161	041	604	2181	007
12	2162	042	603	2182	006
13	2163	043	602	2183	005
14	2164	044	601	2184	004
15	2165	045	600	2185	003
16	2166	046	599	2186	002
17	2167	047	598	2187	001
18	2168	048	597	2188	000

1969

U.S.

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3 POETS : FINLAND, U.S.A., & JAPAN.

ANSELM HOLLO

RONALD H BAYES

YU SUWA

\$,1.00 a copy, 1部 100円 **SUBTERRANEANS 5**
(SPECIAL)

編集 諏訪 優

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ANSELM HOLLO 6 POEMS (FINLAND)

postscript

a face in the dark
 among many
you bend down and kiss it
it asks you a question
it is a delight you answer

and that is all
 you will ever remember.

1 '68

heart's ease

summer
days and nights

with legs and wheels
to take us to and fro

V11 '67

finnish folk

Pennti Saarikoski

go to the lakeshore go
throw in a feather and a stone

the stone floats

it is the day your son comes home

11 '68

the muse

jumped up and down in the radar forest
to attract her attention

sorry sir no message for you

zap zap the day was over

sometimes
he had his doubts

11'68

the i.s.s.

one day he was singing
his way through the fields when he saw
a cow stop grazing to listen to his song

he was enchanted
but when he looked closer
realized she was simply peeing

it was a good story Brancusi
in the bathroom my friend had a pinup
his 'Endless Pillar'

I stood there
 peeing and looking
listening to the music my peeing
and looking and listening made

on my independent sound system

X11'67

los sedentarios

most of the time we sit down
to write 'sitting down' down

Mark Twain made a contraption
enabling him to be funny in bed in writing

Goethe and Hemingway
risked varicose veins at the Stehpult

sitting down we get
fat round the ass

short poems
not too frequent
are the least fattening

if you're sitting down while reading this
now is the time to get up

11 '68

RONALD H BAYES 5 POEMS (U. S. A)

RECOLLECT

(for Don Ludwigsen in Alaska)

Lines
of time got us
through the gills.

Your black cat
your only crew
you handle your craft asea.

I grasp your hand,
HOOKER for a salmon, or
5 thousand.

I bump in
the air, headed for Los Angeles
wishing to

See waters off Ketchikan,
in spite of vertigo
be on fjords again.

FOR A FRIEND WHO WALKED GIRDERS

I fumble at the weaving
of a garland for you
with whom a certain grace
of understanding came late,
at the right time, out of place.
Regardless of the calendar
the fumble-fingered man I was
and am; note how the things
pop out of place in eye, in fact—
but string and color, stalk and

vine of mine I wind, now, briefly
together for you, in grief,
this way,
for at least one last time
and at least one first.

That I have never seen a finer
love than yours, or hurt more deep
makes me confess the mystery.
And now I think illogically about
your summer with the bridges,
rivets caught death-high, in air,
knowing time lines extend some things.
Some things stand out because
they should,
because they must.

Eyes even come alive in paintings
where there are only almond whites,
clocks stop when the dead love
or want to touch us; when the dead love
the living and when we reciprocate.
And sometimes through such doors
in spite of our desire loved ones
insist on entering. Then we can only
touch and hope; make hope a garland.
Hope touch will suffice and we can
—will be allowed to take—
a world at a time.

OFFICE MAILBOX

Nothing is above my name.
 I have looked again, vainly;
 vainly for more than
 nineteen days
 I've moved the hall
 feeling of late that
 this is the bad sort
 of asylum from the real.

Moves toward madness? Too
 romantic.
 The lovely drowse of booze
 and sleeping pills a funny hit-or-miss
 unlike my fears.
 Move toward the still target still?
 It is set; I shall.
 But the will would assert itself more.

Old hopes
 I think
 will haunt you
 happy; haunt you
 any—
 way. Moreover
 I think myself
 just temporary half-madman.

Maybe it's all a confusion,
 for today
 there is after all
 the afternoon
 institutional distribution.

BAYES

FOUND OBJECTS, THE WRITER DISCOVERED
TRYING TO WHITMANIZE HIMSELF IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA LIBRARY

I.

Scholars to come! Orators, artists,
musicians to come!

Ph.Ds. to come

Come come come come come to the
card cata-log, yes, at the old U's lib-ray-ree

(&c)

come to the guide, scholars pale

(&c)

II

A. "Bayes and Minimax Procedures in
Sampling from Finite Populations."

B. "Bayes' Estimation of Proportions."

C. "A Bayes two-stage test
for the Mean, Some Proportions of."

D. "Bayesian Decision Problems."

E. "A Bayesian Indifference Procedure."

III.

All together—forward & back & do-see-do.

SOUTHERN FRIED FOUND OBJECT

"Almost
anything
if its edible
can be attractive."
(sd. Barbara Walter, on TODAY, 19 Jan 69).

Linger-fickin
GOOD!

YU SUWA 3 POEMS (JAPAN)

Jacob's Ladder

alone I climbed up the high tower
to test my own madness.
my own madness—
it had begun in the bathtub of deep slumber.

I found the sea so warm.
if I closed my eyes and stopped breathing
I'd drift away to my native place.

the fish came and ate my body
and I got clean by and by.
all the more I lived in the very fish feeding
on me.

I saw two angels
in the chamber of my brain
indulging in sodomy.

o the rosy girl! There's in your nest
woven with tender branches
a small devil who so tenderly licks me

I'm handling the endless toilet paper
which fills the vessel of white dream
and lets the water flow without sound.

hurrah! Father!
at last the wire's charged with electricity
to reach you in Paradise.

oh then my form gradually fails.
I become lighter and thinner.
lonely metal steps that sounds like an iron-harp!
I no longer need my shoes.

as light as feathers
I'll go up spirally.
jump off, my hat!
drop, my shoes!
when I look down I see the city smoky with lights
and I can no longer see the base of the tower.
upward! upward!
go and climb toward Mother Moon clearly drawn in
spring heaven.
soon the tower's top will be cut off
and as I feel no more plank under my feet
I'll drop downward—
then some kind hands
will deliver me like a fetus.

translated by Syunichi Niikura

Winter Journey

I was walking a long way
 which has no end
 with a boy
 who has an apple and a white toy dog

I telling a story of ghost to him,
 When we see a man in our abroad
 Who was a beard
 Like Ezra Pound
 approaching us

(He looks like wire, I think)
 his rural face is wonderful
 (but he is dumb)
 is he a farmer?

I want to ask my correct way,
 When his face is become bones only
 and the beard is shaking on then
 Where we are crouched,
 only his eyes are lit

(Now, ghost has seen, I think)
 A boy threw an apple for his future,
 white toy dog is crying in sorrow,
 I rub a match
 then ghost has blown out
 And our conversation is changing to other side,
 The sun is broke out like a bottle

Now story of our English ghost was finished
 Our winter journey was finished, too,
 Black birds are going to stars for the north way.

ひとすじの川に沿って

ひとすじの川に沿って

わたしとおまえの日日はめぐる

鏡のように光る朝の川

一日の流れに身をまかす前の

ふたりだけの みじかい時間

みじかいことば

橋を渡れば

たちまち対岸のひととなる おまえ

川下に放心の夕暮が訪れる

水は泡立ちよごれているが

映る青葉 夕焼けの空

生きることは むなしいことか

生きることは 流れることか

たそがれて その問いも

もうふたりには わからない

ANSELM HOLLO

b.1934 in Helsinki, Finland, lived, or tried to, in Sweden, Germany, Austria, Spain, the U.S. 2 books of poems published in Helsinki, "Rainpause" and "Takes"; poems in English in COMBUSTION, Canada, NOMAD, California, NEW DEPARTURES, England, SIDEWALK, Scotland, EVERGREEN REVIEW, New York. Anthology "This Face My Face" Young Finnish Poets 1945-60" published by the GOLDEN MOUNTAIN PRESS, San Francisco.

RONALD H BAYES

has published widely both in poetry and criticism. His recent works are on Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams (for the stage), and a study of Yukio Mishima's Death in Midsummer.

- Dust and Desire, 1960, introduction by Vic Flack.
- Dust and Desire, 1962, introduction by William Carlos Williams.
- Paint the Window Purple, 1963, in collaboration with Marvin Saltzman.
- Cages and Journeys, 1964, introduction by Edward F. James.
- Constructions, 1967, both into English and Japanese (translated by Yu Suwa)

YU SUWA

is a Japanese poet and editor of Subterraneans (NOVAKAST PRESS). He has translated Allen Ginsberg's Howl into Japanese, as well as some works of other contemporary American poets, including Theodore Roethke and Gary Snyder.

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